



19

THE SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER



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SPIRIT

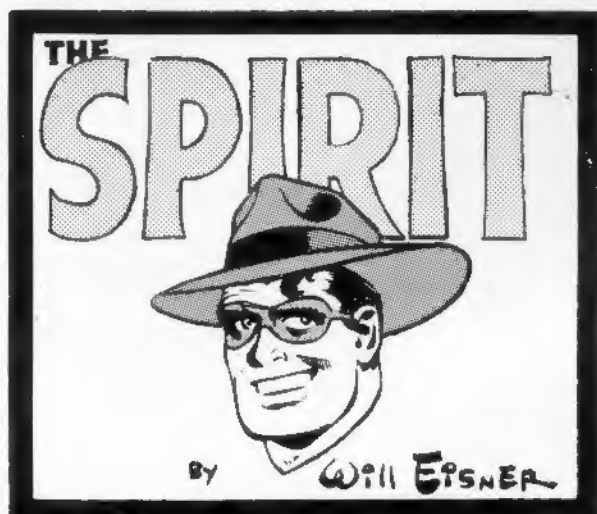
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tions.**

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THE SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER

Editor-in-Chief: WILL EISNER Editor and Publisher: DENIS KITCHEN Assistant Editor: LEONARD RIFAS

No. 19

Page 2... **SPECIAL PREVIEW.** A sneak peek at Will Eisner's new comic novel, *A Contract With God*.

Page 4... **LETTERS.**

Page 5... **MONEY, MONEY.** The *Spirit's* old nemesis, P'Gell, is pitted against an Arab treasure hunter, not our masked hero, in this episode.

Page 12... **CLIFFORD.** Drawn by former Eisner assistant Jules Feiffer.

Page 13... **APRIL FOOL...** Does a practical joke lead to a night of murder? Or would it have happened anyway?



Page 20... **CLIFFORD.**

Page 21... **A LADY LUCK** adventure from 1946, drawn by another Eisner assistant, Klaus Nordling.



Page 25... **Special Pull-Out Section:** A new, never-before-published creation from Will Eisner... **LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET.** What happens when radio contact is finally made with extraterrestrial intelligence... and it becomes a political tug of war? This forthcoming comic novel will be serialized in *The Spirit* in a book-within-a-book format. Pull out the center eight pages and fold and trim as indicated. You'll end up with a 16-page mini comic in addition to your regular magazine.

Page 33... A badman's Shangri-La, inhabited by outlaws more than a hundred years old? That's what *The Spirit* encounters in... **GOLD.**



Page 40... The gold discovered in the previous story is still up for grabs. And the bald-headed villain **Quirte** battles *The Spirit* for the rights to the **CHAPPARELL LODGE.**



Page 47... **HALLOWEEN.** The *Spirit's* girlfriend **Ellen** doesn't believe there are real witches. But *The Octopus* does. And that creates problems for you-know-who...

The Spirit No. 19. Published quarterly by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, a division of Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968. Free Dealer's Wholesale Catalog of over 150 different titles available to interested shops and distributors. Phone (414) 295-3972. Entire contents Copyright © 1978 by Will Eisner. All rights reserved throughout the world under Universal Copyright Conventions, The International Copyright Convention, and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. *The Spirit* is registered by the U.S. Patent Office, Marca Registrada, Marque Deposee. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher, except for review purposes. First printing October 1978. Printing number 5 4 3 2 1.



A CONTRACT WITH GOD

And other
tenement
stories

BY

Will Eisner

A SPECIAL PREVIEW OF
THE JUST-RELEASED
COMIX NOVEL.....

Back when Will Eisner was drawing the **SPiRiT**, comics we were called a lot of names. "Art" was not one of them. Now that comics have achieved respectability as a medium of expression Eisner has felt encouraged to resume his experiments in graphic storytelling.

In **A Contract with God** Eisner has set out to describe the world of his childhood in the "dirty thirties". He is drawing the stories he lived, observed, or heard about, changing the names and faces but striving to remain true to life.

This concern with "realism" has not resulted in a collection of inanities or mundane slice-of-life pieces. Eisner is concerned with "meaningful themes" and he communicates them with dramatic events -- a suicide, a rape, a death.

When Eisner created **A Contract with God** he was working without restrictions of time or space. Instead of rushing to meet a deadline, Eisner spent as long on this book as he wanted and took two years. Instead of trying to compress or expand a story to fit a seven or eight page format, he let the stories develop at their own pace without regard for length.

The personal subject matter, freedom from deadline and for-





mat pressures, and the absence of outside editorial interference are conditions usually associated with "underground comix". Yet another link between **A Contract with God** and the "comix" is that Eisner has taken advantage of liberal trends to present sexuality in a frank and more explicit manner than he has previously been willing or able to do. Other cartoonists have accustomed readers to the sight of sex in comics so that now Eisner can explore this aspect of his characters without appearing shocking or distracting attention from the themes of his stories.

When such a master of the comic book medium seriously devotes himself to a project with so few restrictions, it should be no surprise that the results are extraordinary. The quality of the artwork has been praised by other artists who have compared its linear qualities to Whistler's Venice etch-

ings, and the flow and feel of the book to the films of the great director Fritz Lang. The book is pure Eisner and this in itself should be sufficient recommendation for most comics connoisseurs.

"A Contract with God" is the title of the first of the four stories in this book. As Eisner shows, God does not make contracts. It's a tough world and the virtuous are not guaranteed any special treatment. The moral complexity of this and the other stories is a welcome and honest relief from the simple-minded heroes and villains whose battles still swamp the newsstands.

The other three tales, "The Street Singer", "The Super", and "Cookalein", continue on a hilly road of shattered, raised, broken, and lifted again dreams. The dream that pervades the book is that of escaping upwards -- getting some money by luck or lucky marriage and leaving the tenement. As Eisner puts it, "They were intent on their own survival".

A Contract with God is available in a deluxe, limited, signed, hard-cover edition and as a trade paperback.

TENANTS...
PTOOY!!



It is tastefully packaged and has a handsome cover with gold lettering. The publishers have acknowledged the uniqueness of this work by having it printed entirely in deep umber on a thick buff-colored stock.

The 192 page graphic novel costs \$10 clothbound and \$4.95 paperbound. The hardcover edition is available from Baronet Publishing Co., 509 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. The paperbound edition is available from Krupp Comic Works, box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin, 54968.





LETTERS

OPINIONS ON EVERYTHING

Though *The Spirit* No.18 was a good issue, it wasn't up to the quality of No. 17. Here's why:

1) I actually liked No.17's cover better than No.18; it offered more complexity, more mood (predominantly dark colors, not garish poster reds, yellows, blues, and greens), and generally better art.
2) I wanna see more *Spirit* for my money! *Clifford* didn't turn me on that much; if you want alternative features, why not try further editions of *Lady Luck* or *Mr. Mystic*, or reprints featuring non-Eisner *Spirit* material with the artists identified (i.e. Lou Fine, Jerry Grandenetti, Wally Wood)?

As for the stories themselves, they were quite good. I was glad to see "Fan Mail" back, after reading of it in *The Comic Book Book*; ditto for "Future Death." And since I flip for Mr. Carrion and P' Gell, I enjoyed both stories. "Barkarolle" was a riot. "Mad Moes" wasn't dam good, but at least it was good, dam it.

So, okay, I was satisfied. I have a feeling *The Spirit* is going to be Krupp's biggest ever (perhaps excepting *Comix Book*.)

Yes to printing more *Spirit* essays. No to reprints in chronological order (unless part of a series.) And here's hoping for increasing quality. Thanks very much for *The Spirit*.

Lou Mouglin

900 N. Betty, Monahans, Texas 79756

We hope you like this issue's cover, Lou. And, for the record, *Comix Book* was not our most popular comic. Robert Crumb's *Home Grown Funnies*, now in its 12th printing, wins that honor.

'U-G' FAN LIKES SPIRIT

As an underground comic book collector and reader, I was pleasantly surprised after picking up *The Spirit* No.18. Here was a comic anthology with humor and fine art and done about the time I was born. Keep the "originally published" lines on the reprints. That adds a nice touch. The quality of paper is good, as is the wraparound cover technique. Please don't go for rear cover advertising. It would cheapen your otherwise fine

work. Enclosed is my check for a subscription.

One last question: Where or how can I get the *previous* 16 issues?

A.D. Chitrea

Box 1471, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Possibly other readers with duplicates of earlier issues will contact you with offers to trade or sell.

SPIRIT FAN LIKES 'U-G'

Your continued excellence in producing *The Spirit* will bring you a new segment of the comic buying population. It was my attraction to your revival of *The Spirit* in the early 70's which introduced me to your other "underground" titles, which I would simply have passed over under ordinary circumstances. I would not be surprised if you see similar reactions from other readers.

I certainly hope *The Spirit* turns out to be a resounding success, as it is one of those artistic achievements that should be remembered forever.

John Corrigan

17 Hemlock Dr., Parlin NJ 08859

We invite other readers unfamiliar with our line of comix to sample other books advertised in the back of this issue.

WANTS EARLIER STORIES

Both No.17 and No.18 of *The Spirit* have been great! I've enjoyed reading them from cover to cover. But I've noticed that, just like when Warren was publishing *The Spirit*, you have been avoiding the earlier stories. As you know, many fans bought the chronological reprints of the first 40 *Spirit* stories when they were sold in 1972-73 in packets of ten. They stopped with the story of March 9, 1941. Can't you reprint some of Will Eisner's *Spirit* stories from 1941 and 1942 (until he went into the service)? A lot of *Spirit* fans would like to see that missing period.

Gregory R. Jackson, Jr.

Box 64345, Los Angeles, CA 90064

We'll see what we can do, Gregory.

DICKENS OF COMICS?

The Spirit is one of the few comics I continue to buy (Tarzan and John Carter being the others.) Everything else is just a lot of crap. I think Will Eisner's achievements in comics parallel those of Charles Dickens in literature. Both are great, just like your last issue.

Amos Duncan

1968 Van Beek Ave., Green Bay, WI 54301

ERRATUM

In *Spirit* No.18, the essay *Comic Book Art* was mistakenly attributed to Prof. M. Thomas Inge in our table of contents. The essay was actually written by Will and John Eisner.

CURIOUS CAT

Will Eisner is almost a mythic figure to me. *The Spirit* is one of the few fictional beings whom I *know*, in the same way one knows a close friend. Eisner is at the top of my small-but-select list (with Winsor McCay, George Herriman, Steve Ditko and Michael Kaluta) as a thoroughly eccentric cartoonist with a personal vision of reality so strong that when I see a scene which reminds me of his work, I exclaim to myself, "Ah! A Will Eisner staircase!" or "What a perfect Will Eisner street corner!" How can I presume to comment on the art of a man who has given a name to all the moonlit wharves and lamplit tenement buildings I have seen in 31 years of life? But this is a comment and I hope Will Eisner reads it.

The Spirit is a beautiful comic. For me the beauty resides in the bizarre angles, baroque splash panels and the shadows cast on everything by an exotic array of overhead bulbs, skylights, grilled windows, and venetian blinds. These shadows and the way they lead the eye into a panel, the balance of black & white on upon the page---these for me are the spirit of *The Spirit*.

The critical comment then---the piece of grit on the pearl of adulation: Mr. Eisner, you have somehow lost your shadows. *A Small Business* in *Spirit* No.18 had the usual impeccable co-mingling of of tragi-comic squalor. The words were wonderfully colloquial and real. But where were the shadows? The lines are there still. But the mood is not. If it were just the fact that inflation has played havoc with the price of India Ink, I would turn criminal to steal you all you need---but I fear that isn't the whole story. We change. I am not the same baby I was 30 years ago when my mother read *The Spirit* to me in a strong accent. You are not the same artist who once drew a story almost entirely illuminated by flashlight and matches. I only ask to see another dark street night, another venetian blind extravaganza, another starkly shadowed masterpiece.

Cat Yronwode

Rt.1 Box 43, Mountain Grove, MO 65711

A BLESSING

God bless Denis Kitchen for giving us back Will Eisner! How about printing more stories in chronological order, please!!! Enclosed is \$6 for a subscription to *The Spirit*.

John Christensen

4258 Nelson Bark, Lakewood, CA 90712

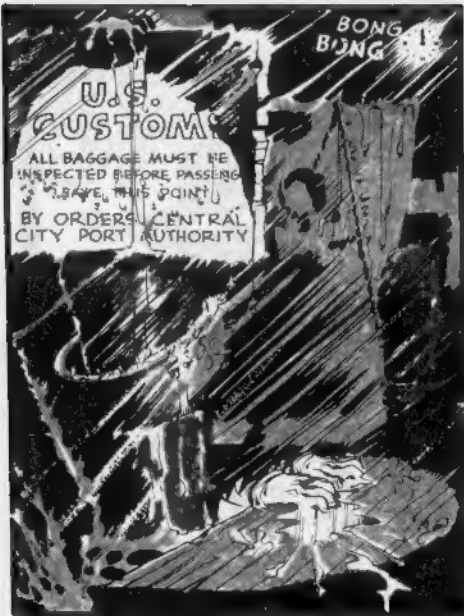
And God bless John Christensen for sending us money.

Please send your comments to:
THE SPIRIT
Box 7
Princeton, Wisconsin 54968

MONEY, MONEY



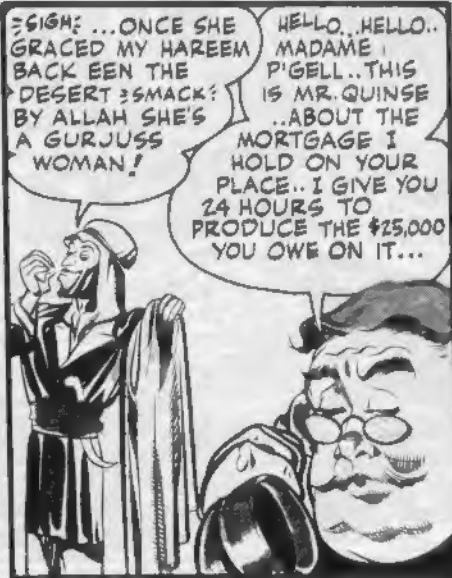
Originally Published November 23, 1947



AHMED-THE-TRADER... I HEARD YOU WERE COMING... BEEN WAITING FOR YOU... WHAT ARE YOU SMUGGLING THIS TIME?



..NOT YET.. BUT I'VE LAID THE GROUND-WORK... SPREAD RUMORS ABOUT P'GELL'S PAST.. HER SCHOOL'S LOSING STUDENTS EVERY DAY.. HOW DID YOU FIND OUT SO MUCH ABOUT HER?



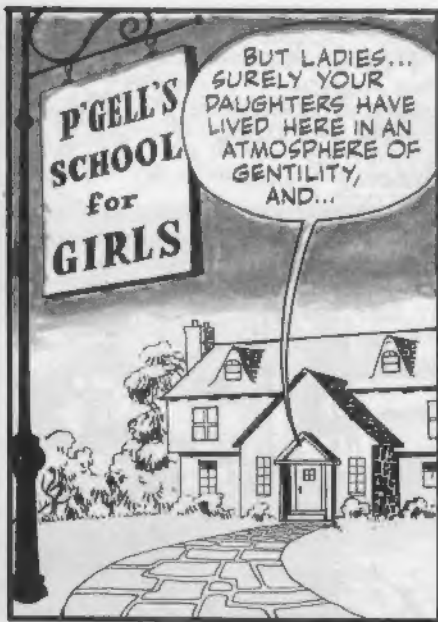
HELLO..HELLO.. MADAME P'GELL.. THIS IS MR. QUINSE ..ABOUT THE MORTGAGE I HOLD ON YOUR PLACE.. I GIVE YOU 24 HOURS TO PRODUCE THE \$25,000 YOU OWE ON IT...

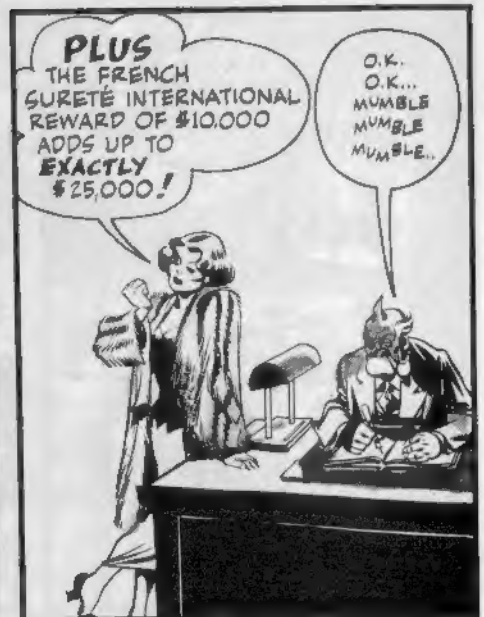


OH DEAR... SUCH LANGUAGE.. I NEVER..

A FEW MINUTES LATER







AND SO, AS NIGHT FALLS A SHADY BOAT WITH MUFFLED OARS APPROACHES THE P'GELL SCHOOL FROM THE BAY. . . SITUATED ON A SPIT OF LAND, THE SCHOOL CAN BE APPROACHED WITHOUT DETECTION AND THE LONE INVADER REACHES A MOLDY TUNNEL AT THE BASE OF THE ROCKS UNDER THE SCHOOL UNSEEN. . .

..NOW FROM HERE I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE AHMED BY SURPRISE.. AND THIS TIME HE WONT ESCAPE..

WHEW! WHAT A PLACE FOR A PIRATE DEN..

HEY.

A RUSTY OLD CUTLASS... SO THAT'S WHY AHMED IS HERE... THERE'S A TREASURE HIDDEN IN THIS PLACE... WELL I'LL JUST SCROUNGE AROUND.. IF I FIND IT, BET I'LL FIND AHMED!

OH, MR. AHMED.. COULD I HAVE SLAVES 'N' ALL?

PLEASE GO AWAY, LITTLE STRING-BEAN.. I AM MORE INTERESTED IN FINDING TREASURE THAN IN MAKING YOU MY HAREEM QUEEN..

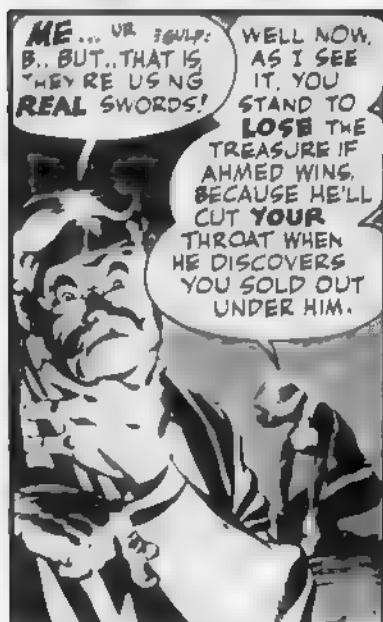
?

THE TREASURE ..AT LAST..
GOLD
HA HA HA
GOLD!

THE SPIRIT!
IT'S A TRAP!
YOU GOT IT AHMED!

EEEEK

NO! NO!





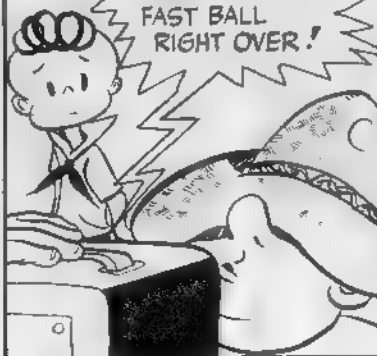
WHAT A GAME, FOLKS...
WINSLOW ON FIRST, FRY ON
SECOND, TWO OUT, AND
THREE-AND-ONE THE
COUNT ON THE BATTER,
JOE SHEA



Clifford

BY JULES FEIFFER

THERE'S THE
PITCH... STRIKE
TWO... A
FAST BALL
RIGHT OVER!



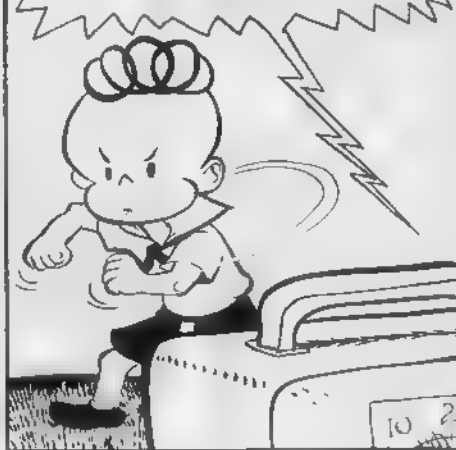
IT'S THE LAST HALF OF
THE NINTH... OUR SIDE
BEHIND BY ONE RUN...
THE WINNING RUN
ON FIRST....



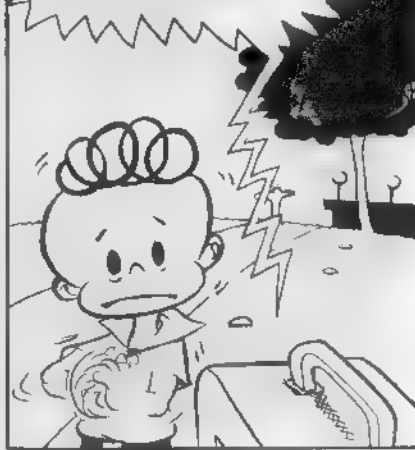
THE PAYOFF PITCH COMING UP...
JAXON READY... INTO HIS MOTION...
WAIT!... SHEA STEPS OUT OF
THE BOX...



THIS IS A TENSE WAR OF NERVES
GOING ON BEFORE THESE 60,000
SCREAMING FANS... ALL RIGHT
NOW... SHEA BACK IN...

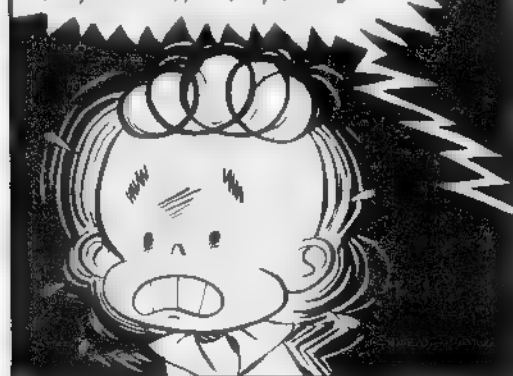


A WALK WILL BRING UP
SLUGGER GINCH... A SINGLE
WILL TIE IT ALL UP... JAXON
INTO THE WINDUP...

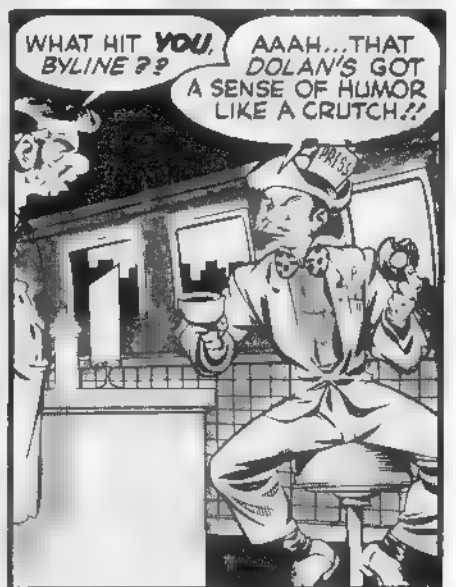


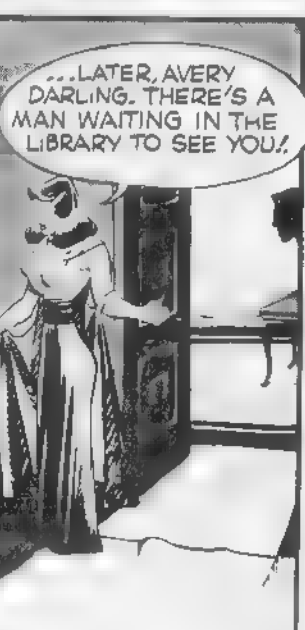
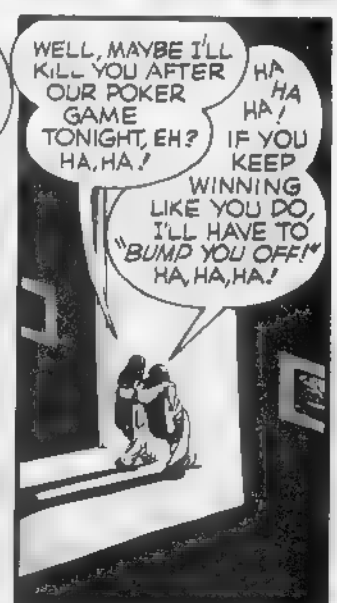
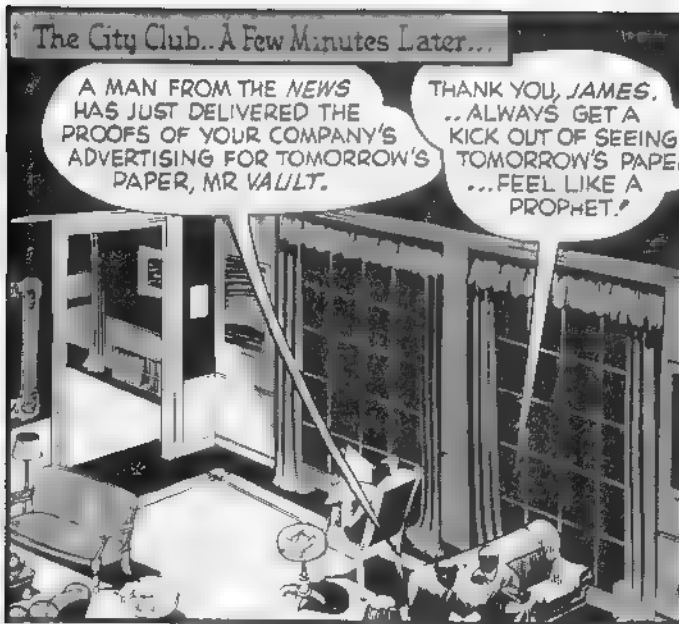
RUNNERS LEAD OFF... FRY AT
SECOND, WINSLOW AT FIRST...
WITH TWO OUT, THEY'LL RUN ON
ANYTHING... SHEA IN HIS
QUESTION-MARK STANCE... THERE
GO THE RUNNERS...

THERE'S THE PITCH!!



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH CLIFFORD?
HE'S JUST BEEN
STANDING
THAT WAY
FOR THE
LAST TEN
MINUTES!







HAS THE SPIRIT LEFT? WHAT DID HE WANT, DEAR?

BY JOVE, THAT OUTLAW IS QUITE A GENTLEMAN!..... RETURNED THESE ABSURD PAPERS THAT **DIGIT TALLIS** HOPED TO CASH IN ON!



OH...HEH HEH... HERE DEAR, GIVE THEM TO ME I CAN BURN THEM UP IN THE KITCH...

NO, THANKS, I'LL KEEP THEM IN MY DESK TILL I CAN GET AROUND TO READING THEM!



THEY SHOULD PROVE MIGHTY **INTERESTING!** HA HA HA!..... MAYBE I HAVE B.O. AND MY BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL ME!

A Few Minutes Later...



SO THEY CAUGHT **DIGIT TALLIS**, EH? WELL, THE GAME'S UP!



HE'LL READ THE LOVE LETTERS I'VE BEEN SENDING YOU...HE'LL SUE FOR DIVORCE, NAME **ME** AS CORRESPONDENT AND THE PUBLICITY WILL RUIN ME!



RUIN YOU ?! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'LL DO TO ME? WHY YOU YELLOW-LIVERED FOOL, YOU AND I HAVE BEEN PLAYING FOR KEEPS!

SURE, SURE I LOVE YOU, BUT....



NO BUTS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF IT NOW... YOU'RE TO PICK A FIGHT WITH HIM AND **KILL** HIM!



KILL ?!... GOOD HEAVENS, SYLVIE!...

HOW **MUCH** DO YOU LOVE ME, ROGER, HOW MUCH?



ENOUGH... ENOUGH TO KILL FOR YOU...

...IT WON'T BE SO HARD, AND I'VE GOT A PLAN... A NEAT PLAN THAT'LL PUT THE BLAME ON **DIGIT!**... IT'LL BE EASY.. EASY.. LIKE JUMPING OFF A LOG!



Police Headquarters..At That Moment...

WELL, MRS. VAULT HAS PUT UP THE BOND WHICH SPRINGS **DIGIT!**...

VERY SIGNIFICANT! CAN YOU HOLD UP **DIGIT'S** ACTUAL RELEASE FOR 24 HOURS? JUST A PRECAUTION!

SURE, BUT AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST WHAT?



OH, HELLO, DARLING! AREN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE COFFEE WITH ROGER AND ME? HE'S IN THE CARD ROOM.

ER NO A VERY DEAR ... GOT A SPL TT NG HEADACHE!



GASP... WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE THE SPIRIT!

AND A VERY DANGEROUS OUTLAW! SO DON'T CRY OUT!



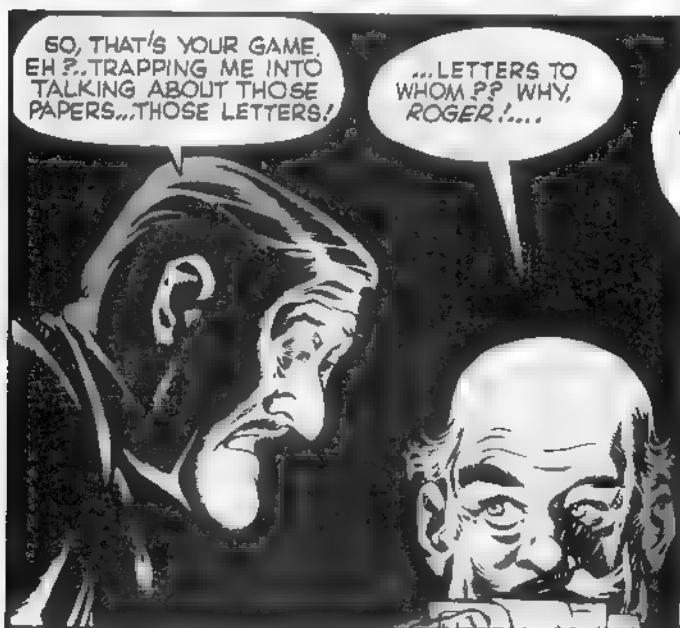
YOUR DEAL... S/GH... YOU'RE LOOK NG VERY GR M THIS EVENING, ROGER..... THAT STUPID OBITUARY GET YOUR GOAT?

NO!



STOP THAT CONFOUNDED SLUPPING... MUST YOU DRINK LIKE A PEASANT?

I SAY, ROGER, YOU ARE NERVOUS! IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT BATCH OF PAPERS DIGIT'S BEEN THREATENING ME WITH... IS IT?



SO, THAT'S YOUR GAME, EH?... TRAPPING ME INTO TALKING ABOUT THOSE PAPERS... THOSE LETTERS!

...LETTERS TO WHOM?? WHY, ROGER!...



DON'T GIVE ME THAT BOARD OF DIRECTORS STARE! THE **LOVE LETTERS I SENT SYLVIE**, ASKING HER TO LEAVE YOU AND RUN AWAY WITH ME! ... BUT WHY TELL YOU MORE.. YOU KNOW EVERY WORD BY NOW!... I'M ONLY BORING YOU!

NO, KEEP TALKING, ROGER!... YOU BECOME MORE FASCINATING EVERY MINUTE!

Meanwhile...Upstairs...

MRS VAULT, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU PAID THE BOND OF A MAN WHO HAS BEEN BLACKMAILING YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE FOR MONTHS!

OH I HAVE A FORGIVING NATURE, THAT'S ALL!

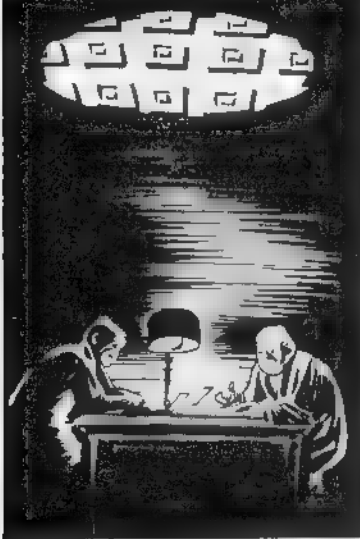


OH WELL, *THAT* EXPLAINS IT! GOSH, FOR A MOMENT THERE IT LOOKED BAD...ONE MIGHT THINK THAT YOU WANTED *DIGIT* TO BE AT LARGE...SO *HE'D BE BLAMED* IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOUR HUSBAND!

MASTER SPIRIT YOU ARE A VERY BRIGHT YOUNG MAN, BUT I AM A VERY DESPERATE WOMAN! NOW SUPPOSE WE DISCUSS THIS ON MY TERMS!



Meanwhile Downstairs...



EVERY...I...I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT...IT WAS LIKE LOOKING OVER A BRIDGE...I LOOKED SO LONG UNTIL I *HAD* TO JUMP...I *HAD* TO!

HEH.. KOF F-FUNNY THING ABOUT IT...

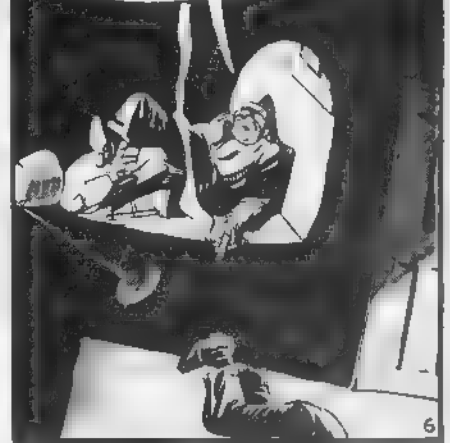
I KOF NEVER EVEN READ THOSE PAPERS! GASP!

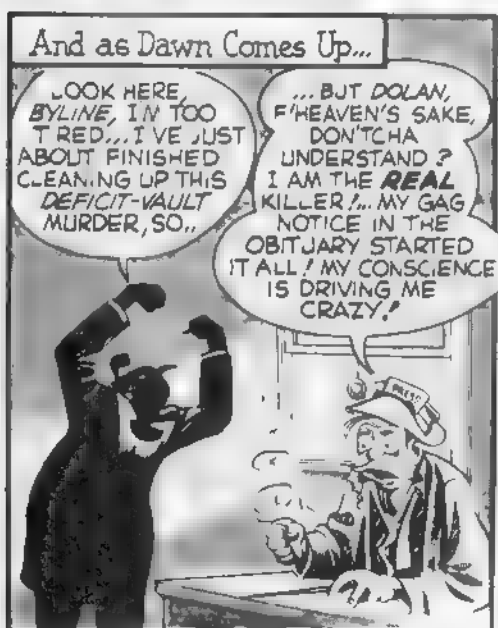


SYLVIE SYLVIE! I'VE DONE IT.. WE CAN GO NOW! HURRY DOWN... GAAA!!!



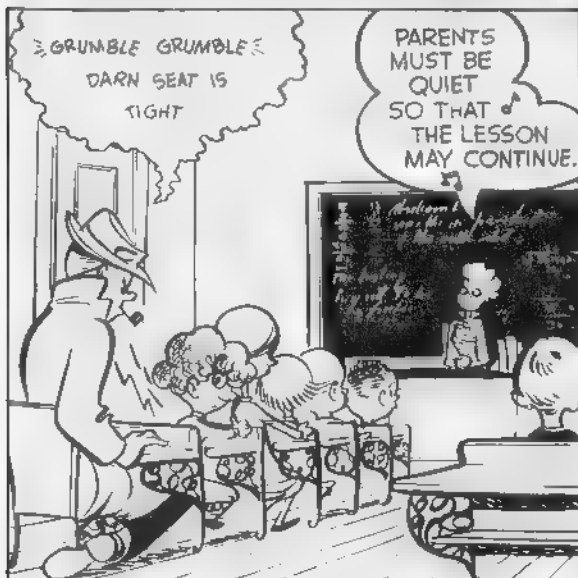
FUNNY.. COUGH...LOOKS LIKE THAT OBITUARY NOTICE WASN'T WRONG AFTER ALL... IT'S MIDNIGHT.....





Clifford

By JULES FEIFFER

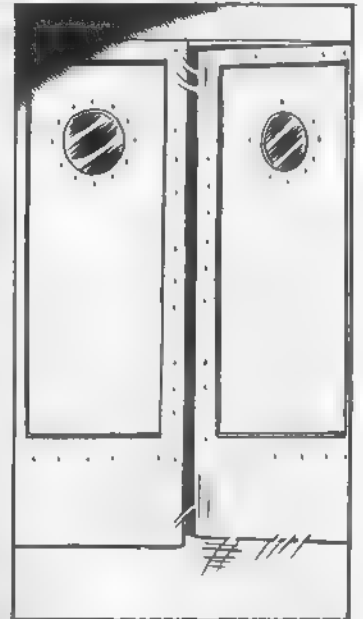




ON MANY FRONTS AMERICAN SOLDIERS ENTER THE JAWS OF NO MAN'S LAND... MEANWHILE PRAYING FOR THE EARLY ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SUPER-FIRE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN...



ON THE HOME FRONT, IN A WASHINGTON HOTEL, A BOARD OF OFFICERS ALSO ENTERS NO-MAN'S LAND, SEEKING EARLY DELIVERY OF THE SAME GUN....









TO READ & KEEP AS A SEPARATE BOOK ③ Pull from staples & ② Cut along dotted lines & ① Fold as shown

WASHINGTON, D.C.



BOY, BLUDD HOW YOU GOT OUT OF THAT BURNING HOUSE... I'LL NEVER KNOW!! YOU WERE A MESS WHEN WE FOUND YOU!

WHERE'S ARGANO AND MALLEY?

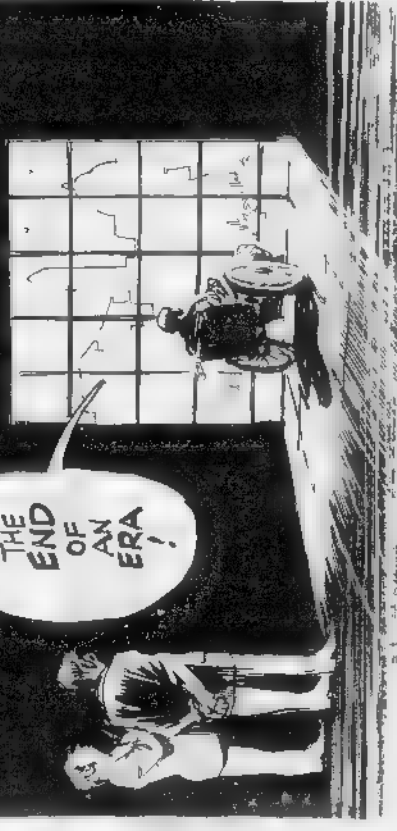
THEY WERE TAKEN TO MOSCOW - OUR MAN THERE SAYS THEY ARE TALKING, SO THE OTHER SIDE KNOWS MORE THAN WE DO!

MY GOD!

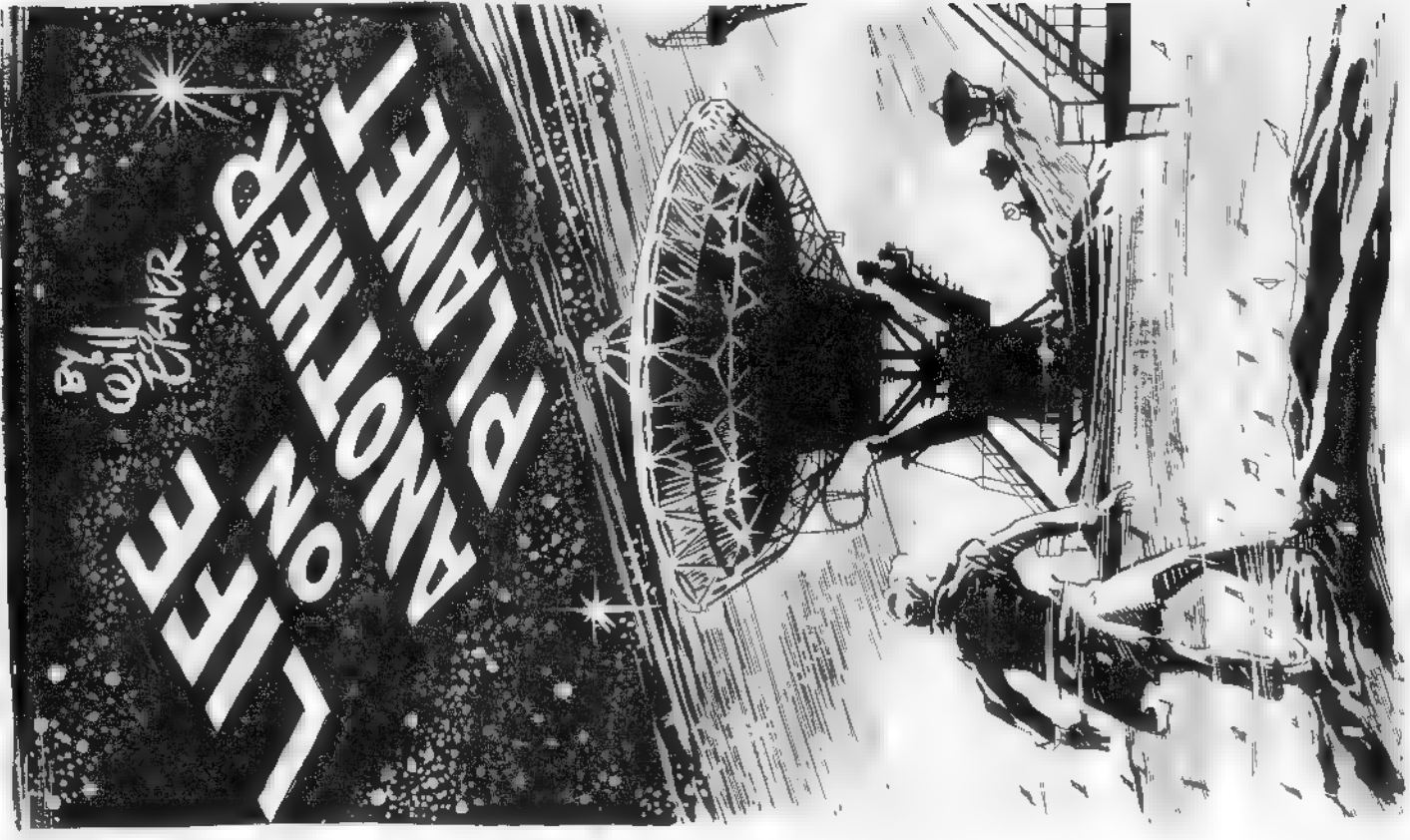
TWO MAJOR NATIONS VYING TO MAKE CONTACT WITH AN UNKNOWN INTELLIGENCE ON A PLANET ONLY TEN YEARS AWAY FROM OURS... THINK OF IT... THINK OF WHAT'S AHEAD FOR ALL OF US!



IT IS THE END OF AN ERA!



To be continued...



A message etched on metal has been placed aboard Pioneer Ten & Eleven by NASA and sent out into space where perhaps some distant intelligence with the means of reaching us will respond... or at least will know that they are not alone in the universe

INTRODUCTION

IN 1950, THE NATIONAL RADIO ASTRONOMY OBSERVATORY AT GREENBANK, WEST VIRGINIA SET UP AN ATTEMPT AT LISTENING TO RADIO EMISSIONS FROM SPACE. THEIR HOPE WAS TO INTERCEPT SIGNALS FROM DISTANT CIVILIZATIONS IN OUR GALAXY WHICH WOULD INDICATE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET.

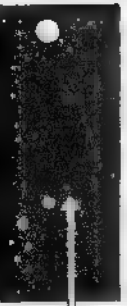
IN THE THE TWENTY YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, CANADA AND THE SOVIET UNION MADE SIMILAR ATTEMPTS - NO ONE ACHIEVED TANGIBLE RESULTS. BY 1978 ALMOST 1000 STARS HAD BEEN EXAMINED BY U.S. SCIENTISTS ALONE. NEARBY STARS LIKE, EPSILON FRIDAN AND TAU CETI GOT SPECIAL ATTENTION.

THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN NEGATIVE!

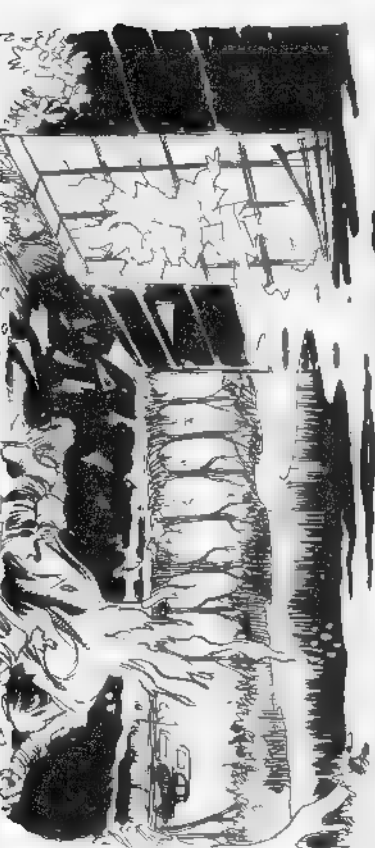
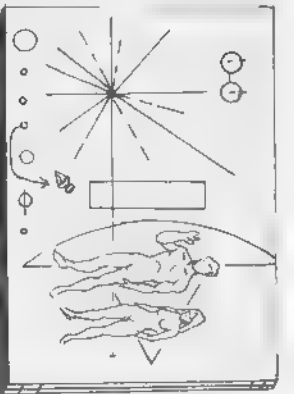
NEVERTHELESS, THE NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION CONTINUES THE EFFORT IN VARIOUS OTHER INSTALLATIONS AROUND THE UNITED STATES. IN THE SOVIET UNION (THE CAUCASUS) A LARGE 600-RATAN RADIO TELESCOPE DEVOTES SOME OF IT'S ACTIVITY TO A SIMILAR SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET.

STIMULATED BY THE MATHEMATICAL PROBABILITIES SOME MODERN SCIENTISTS, MAKING "GUESTMATES" BASED ON A SYSTEM THAT CALCULATES THE AGE OF STARS AND THEIR PLANETS, HAVE THIS HYPOTHESIS: ASSUMING ONLY ONE STAR IN ANY GROUP OF 250,000 (OUT OF THE BILLIONS THAT EXIST) HAS A PLANET THAT CAN (AND DOES) SUPPORT INTELLIGENT LIFE - THERE ARE ENOUGH PLANETS WITHIN OUR REACH TO JUSTIFY A VERY REASONABLE POSSIBILITY OF THIS. ALSO, WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY TO MAKE CONTACT.

WHEN THAT HAPPENS... WHAT WILL BE IT'S IMPACT ON THE EARTH AND IT'S PEOPLE?



As early as May 30, 1916, Bernard's star was noticed by astronomers to have unusually rapid motion. In recent years signals from it have caught the attention of modern space probes because of their unusual nature.





SOMETIME BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN-ON THE MESA RADIO ASTRONOMY OBSERVATORY, NEW MEXICO...



I WANT YOU TO GET INTO YOUR COMPUTER AND DECODE THESE BLIPS, NOW!!

YAWN... THIS IS SOME KINDA CREEPY CODE!

MAN... THIS IS LIKE GIBBERISH... IT'S SIMPLE... NET, WEIRD!

AHA... SEE? THEY'RE IN A KIND OF MODULATED SEQUENCE - OBVIOUSLY COMPRISING THE NUMBERS 1, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 19, 33, 29, 31... THEY CAN BE DIVIDED BY ONE... OR BY THEMSELVES!

GO?!

SO THIS IS A SIMPLE MATHEMATICAL TYPE CONCEPT... IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING! IT JUST DOES THE ARITHMETIC... OVER - AND - OVER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER ARGANO - YOU LOOK SICK?

OH MY GOD! THAT MEANS IT'S... A SIGNAL! IT COULD ONLY HAVE A BIOLOGICAL ORIGIN... A FORM OF INTELLIGENCE... LIKE OUR OWN... FROM OUTER SPACE!

I FEEL A BIT UNEASY AS THE REPLACEMENT OF A DEAD MAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO COBBS, MISS BOWEN?

OH, THEY SAY HE WAS MUGGED - JUST OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE! THE POLICE SAY ROBBERY WAS THE MOTIVE!

AT ANY RATE, I'M YOUR NEW SECRETARY - CALL ME IF YOU NEED ANY HELP!

THANK YOU.

TWO WEEKS LATER

YOU WANTED TO MEET WITH US HERE IN MY HOUSE, DR. BLUDD? ...WHAT'S SO URGENT?

WELL, DR. ARGANO, AS YOU KNOW - I'M COBBS' REPLACEMENT. TWO DAYS AGO I FOUND SOME DISCARDED NOTES IN HIS DESK...

UH OH!! SHUT UP MALLEY!

...THESE NOTES PLUS MY OWN CALCULATIONS - AND THESE TAPES OF RESIDUAL IMPULSES ON YOUR MONITORS LEAD ME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU RECEIVED A SIGNAL FROM SPACE!





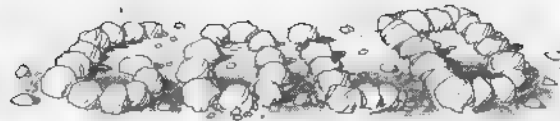
11:40 PM
EST

WASHINGTON D.C.









WANTED



SAM CHAPPARELL ROBBED HIS LAST TRAIN IN 1867.

HE HAD PULLED IT NEAT AND QUICK,
FANNING LEAD IN EVERY DIRECTION.
HIS HAUL WAS 305 POUNDS OF GOLD BULLION
AND HIS TWO BURROS COULD BARELY KEEP PACE
AS HE LIT OUT THROUGH THE SAGE
TO DISAPPEAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.



THE REST IS LEGEND.

SOMEWHERE IN THE RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE OF THE PEAKS
HE BUILT A TOWN CALLED 'BOOT CAMP' BY THE 'OLD-TIMERS',
AND FROM THIS SAM CHAPPARELL WOULD OFTEN DESCEND
TO ROB A BANK...HIRE OUT HIS GUNS . SHOOT UP AN
OUTPOST TOWN
YES, SAM RODE WITH BONNEY, WITH HICKOCK WAS SEEN IN
THE THICK OF LINCOLN COUNTY'S CATTLE WAR KEPT APPEARING
AND REAPPEARING. (AT LEAST SO THE LEGEND SAYS.)

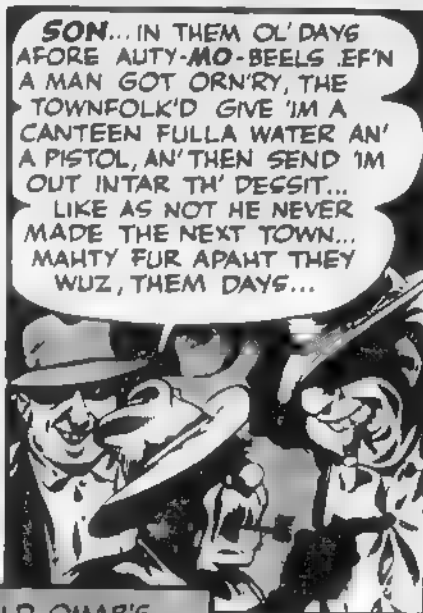
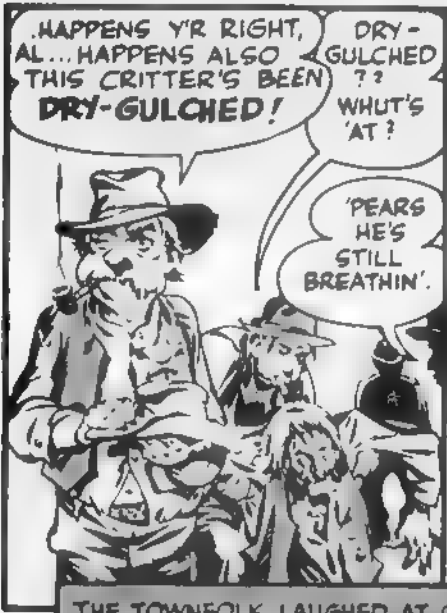


...THEN, ONE HOT DAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1948...

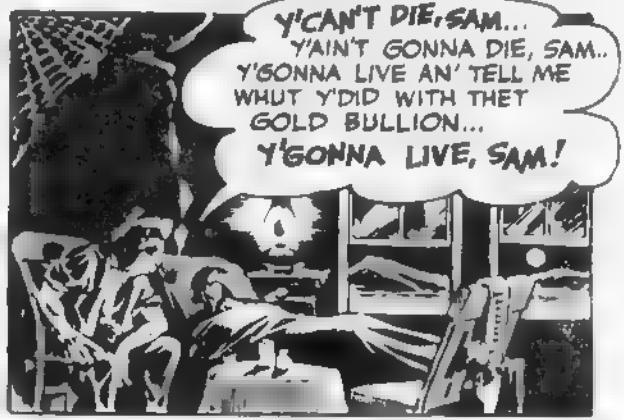
A TIRED MAN STAGGERED OUT OF THE MISTY HILLS ON THE EDGE
OF LOPE TOWNSHIP, DRAGGED HIMSELF ACROSS THE STRIP OF
DESERT... AND COLLAPSED, SMACK IN FRONT OF ALBIE PIERCE'S
NO-NOK SPECIAL No. 1 PUMP.



Originally Published October 10, 1948



BUT SOON THE EXCITEMENT WORE OFF, AND THE GOOD PEOPLE OF LOPE WENT HOME...BUT IN SHERIFF TRENT'S OFFICE, A LONG WATCH WAS BEGUN THAT WOULD LAST ALL NIGHT...AS THE OLD-TIMER GOUGHT DESPERATELY TO KEEP THIS MAN CHAPPARELL ALIVE...



ALL NIGHT THE VIGIL CONTINUED.. AND WHEN THE MORNING CAME, OLD OMAR EMERGED..VICTOR OVER DEATH.



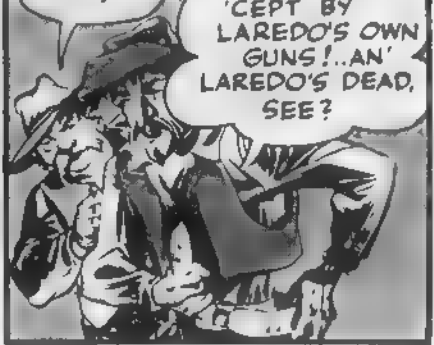
Y'R O.K., SAM..
Y'R O.K.!
I SAVED Y'R
LIFE...KEPT YA
ALIVE...
ME.. I DID
IT !!

STOP YR
CAWIN', Y'OL'
BUZZARD !!
DRY-GULCH
ME, WILL THEY??
WANT THE GOLD
ALL F'R THEM-
SELVES, EH?
WHAR'S MAH
IRONS ?



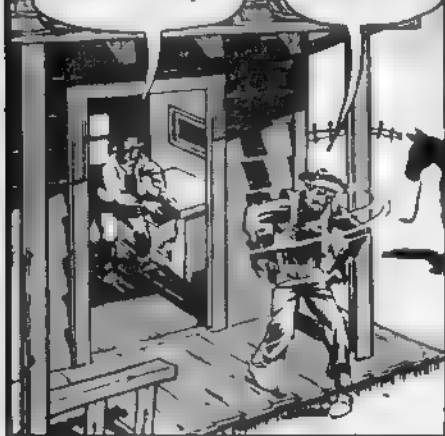
LISSEN..SAM..
AH'M THE SON
OF LAREDO
TRENT, YORE
OL' PODNER...
Y'GOTTA LET ME
IN ON THE
TREASURE...
AH SAVED YORE
LIFE !

WHAR'S
A
HOSS??
G*#*!!
YO' AIN'T
SAVED ME .
'CAUSE AH
CAN'T DIE ,
'CEPT BY
LAREDO'S OWN
GUNS!..AN'
LAREDO'S DEAD,
SEE?



AT'S SO! LAREDO'S
DEAD..BUT AH AIN'T!
AN' AH HAVE HIS
GUNS!..YO' TAKE
ME BACK..OR Y'DON'T
GIT BACK!

SLAPPIN'
LEATHER
WITH
ME,
JUNIOR?



YEOW

...MIGHTY
PORE JEDGEMENT,
CALLIN' ME WIF
ONLY A PAIR
O' ACES...



AND THAT NIGHT THE SPIRIT ARRIVED,
IN RESPONSE TO THE OLD-TIMER'S
WIRE. HE WAS JUST IN TIME TO HEAR
OMAR'S LAST WORDS...

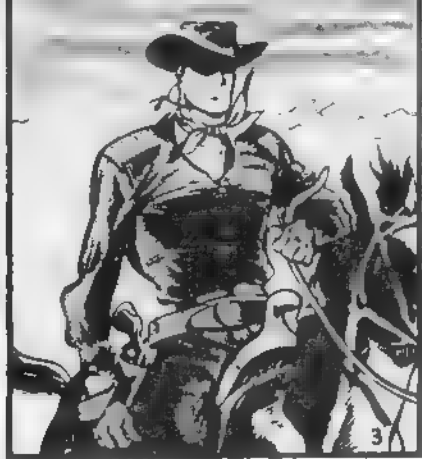
..SOMEWHERE UP IN THEM
HILLS IS.. BOOT CAMP..A TOWN
T'WHICH BAD MEN WENT T'DIE.
I KNOW IT SOUNDS...
FANTASTIC.. COUGH..BUT..BUT
IF Y'DON'T GO UP THAR AN'GIT
BAD SAM..HE'LL BE DOWN
AGAIN..AN' THIS TIME..GASP..
AT TH'HEAD OF A PACK
OF OUTLAWS!



AT FIRST THE SPIRIT WAS
ANGRY..THE WHOLE THING
LOOKED LIKE A HOAX....
THEN HE LOOKED THROUGH
THE OLDTIMER'S MAPS AND
PAPERS... WHAT HE SAW
CONVINCED HIM.



AND JUST BEFORE ANOTHER
DAWN, THE SPIRIT RODE OFF
INTO THE MOUNTAINS..AND
OLD LAREDO'S GUNS SWUNG
COOL AND CONVENIENT AT
HIS HIPS...



HOURS AWAY... HIGH UP
AMONG THE SILENT
ROCKIES... NESTLED
INTO ONE OF THOSE
NATURAL
MIRACLES, LIES
BOOT CAMP... 2000
FEET ABOVE SEA
LEVEL, YET WARM
AND SNOW-FREE...
THANKS TO THE
CHANCE FORMATION
OF THE SURROUNDING
HILLS...



CHOAT! WHEN Y'
DRY-GULCHED SAM
CHAPPARELL Y'SAID WE'D
BE FREE T'LEAVE BOOT CAMP
AND RETURN T'THE
VALLEY... WE BEEN
UP HERE SO LONG...

KER-RECT!
BUT REMEMBER WE
IN THIS TOWN AIN'T
ORDINARY FOLK.
WE... WELL... WE'VE
BEEN HERE FOR
100 YEARS!



...THINGS MUST HAVE **CHANGED**
DOWN THAR IN THE VALLEY...
FOLKS WE USTA KNOW MUST
NOW BE DAID, SO AH CAL'LATE
WE C'N START LIFE
ANEW... NOW LET'S
GIT GOIN', THEM AS
WANTS T'GO...

AIN'T
NO
ONE
GOIN'.



SAM!

YEAH...
AH
COME
BACK.



BANG

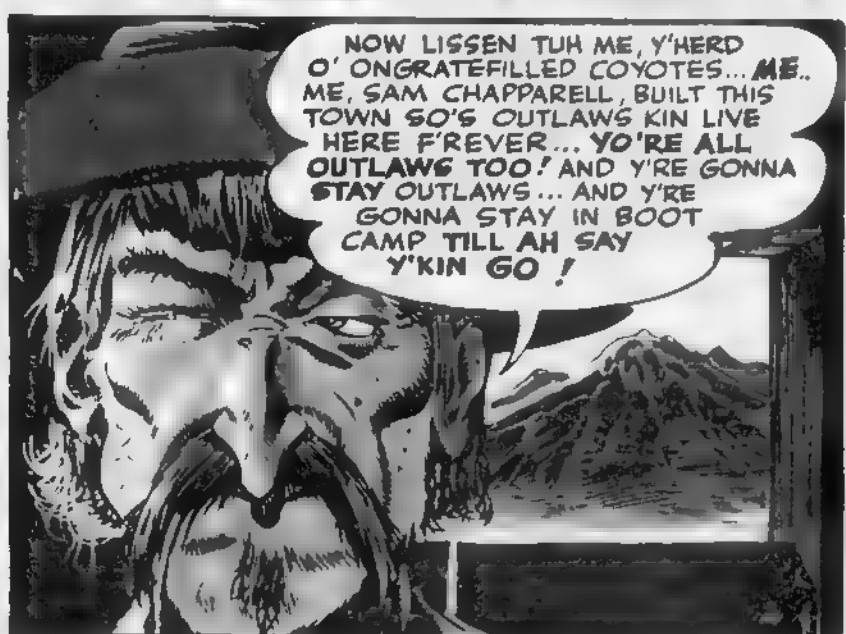


WHANK

BLAM
BLAM



ANYBODY
ELSE GOT IDEES
O'LEAVIN' BETTER
START DRAWIN'...

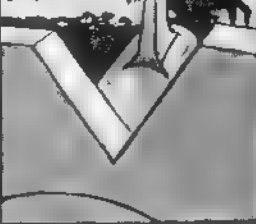


NOW LISSEN TUH ME, Y'HERD
O' ONGRATEFILLED COYOTES... **ME..**
ME, SAM CHAPPARELL, BUILT THIS
TOWN SO'S OUTLAWS KIN LIVE
HERE F'REVER... **YO'RE ALL**
OUTLAWS TOO! AND Y'RE GONNA
STAY OUTLAWS... AND Y'RE
GONNA STAY IN BOOT
CAMP TILL AH SAY
Y'KIN GO!

A FEW MILES AWAY
..LITTLE SPY ON
EAGLE PERCH
TWITCHES INTO
MOTION AS A
SHIFTING WIND
BRINGS A
SLIGHT SOUND..



A SECOND LATER
THE SPIRIT
APPEARS
IN HIS REAR
APERTURE
SIGHT...



BANG

...AND WITH THE BLACK POWDER SMOKE
STILL CLINGING TO THE ROCKS, THE
WOUNDED LOOKOUT STAGGERS OFF INTO
THE CRANNIES, LEAVING A DEAD HORSE
AND AN ANGRY SPIRIT.



WELL... LOOKS LIKE I
WALK THE REST OF THE
WAY... BUT ACCORDING
TO THIS OLD MAP, IT'S
NOT VERY FAR TO
BOOT CAMP...



MEANWHILE...



SAM..
SAM..
A RIDER
FROM
BELOW
COMIN'...



GHATTAP,
Y'YALLER
DOGS.. LEMME
HEAR WHUT LI'L
SPY'S SAYIN'!

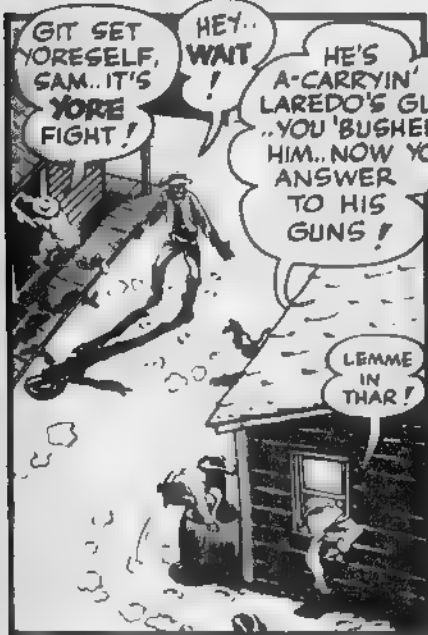
AH SHOT HIS HORSE
BUT HE GOT ME IN THE
HAND... HE'S MASKED.

UH OH..
HIT'S A
POSSE
!!

WHUT'LL
WE DO
NOW?

GULP!
HE'S
CARRYIN'
LAREDO
TRENT'S
GUNS
!

HM OMAR
SENT HIM
AFTER ME...
..GET SET
FOR A
FIGHT,
MEN!



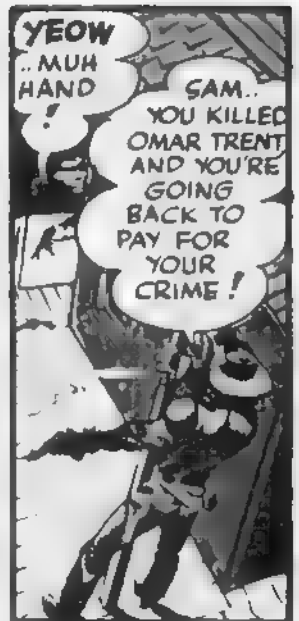
GIT SET
YORESELF,
SAM.. IT'S
YORE
FIGHT!

HEY..
WAIT!

HE'S
A-CARRYIN'
LAREDO'S GUNS
..YOU 'BUGGED
HIM.. NOW YOU
ANSWER
TO HIS
GUNS!

LEMME
IN THAR!







SAM'S DEAD!
WE'RE FREE.. FREE TO GO DOWN INTO THE VALLEY...
CHOAT! YA STRONG ENOUGH TA RIDE WITH US?

AH KIN MAKE IT... TIE THE MASKED MAN ONTO SAM'S HOSS.. WE'RE LEAVING CHAPPARELL HERE!

YAHOO!..YEP. LET HIM HAVE HIS OL' TOWN!

AND SO IN EAGER SILENCE, THE BAD MEN DESCEND THE TREACHEROUS SLOPES...

24 HOURS LATER

RIDERS FROM THE WIGGLY-T RANCH CAME UPON THE SKELETONS OF SOME 20 MEN AND HORSES...AND THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF THE WOUNDED SPIRIT, STILL TIED TO THE SKELETON OF A HORSE...

BEST TAKE THE MASKED UN TO TOWN HOSPITTLE

PLUMB UNCANNY?

AH CAL'LATE THESE CARCASSES BE 100 YEARS OLD, EF'N THEY BE A DAY!

'PEARS SO.

AND THE NEXT DAY...IN A PLANE HEADING EAST...

I DON'T GET IT!

HOW COME ALL THOSE MEN BECAME SKELETONS??

THIS OLD LETTER AND MAP I FOUND IN OMAR TRENT'S DRAWER TELLS IT ALL, DOLAN

and up here in the mountains the atmosphere is such that a man can live to be 300 years or more. I reckon there's some sort of explanation. But anyhow, here we are gonna stay. Only me and Sam Chapparell knows that ifn we leave these mountains after our nuclear life span is over, we'll die within 24 hours in the atmosphere below 2000 feet... so I guess you'll never see me again.
P.S. Here's a map of Laredo Trent

SORT OF A BAD MAN'S SHANGRI-LA, EH?

YES, DOLAN..I SAW IT.. AND MAYBE SOMEDAY SOMEONE ELSE WILL DISCOVER IT AND MAKE IT A GOOD MAN'S SHANGRI-LA BY BRINGING LAW TO BOOT CAMP!

The CHAPPARELL LODGE

THE

GOLD

ENOUGH
FOR US
ALL

FOR
THE
TAKING

ALL I
NEED NOW
IS THE MAN WHO
CAN LEAD US UP
THEM HILLS.

ME??

WILL EISNER

YES!
YOU

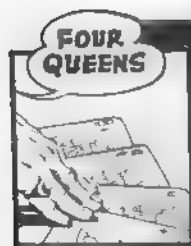
I HAVE POLITICAL
INFLUENCE

AND THE
MEN TO
HOLD ON.

ONCE
WE GET THE
CHAPPARELL
LODGE

SO YOU SEE,
MISTER SPIRIT..
I HOLD A WINNING
HAND!

MAYBE.



FOUR QUEENS



FOUR ACES
I WIN



Y'MEAN, ANY MAN WHO CAN GET THERE FIRST AND LIVE...

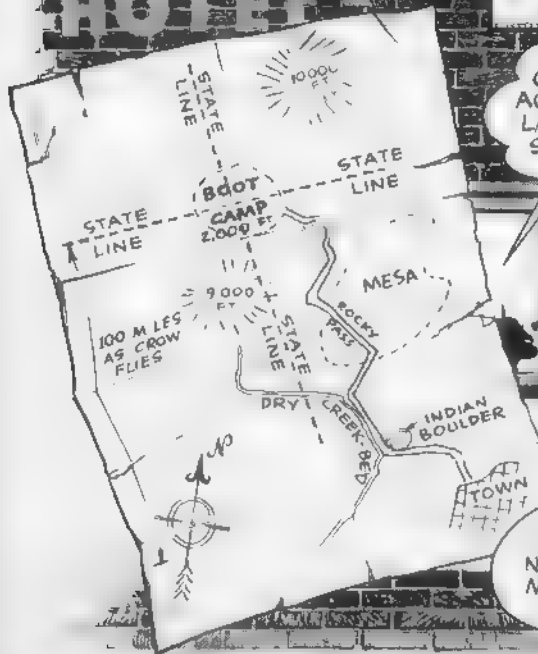
RIGHT...AND SINCE YOU NEED ME I'LL **STAY ALIVE !!**

O.K., MISTER SPIRIT YOU WIN THIS HAND BUT THERE'S MORE'N ONE HAND TO A GAME ..WHAT IF I WIN THE NEXT ??

JUST SO YOU DON'T USE A COLD DECK, QUIRTE SORRY THE SAM CHAPPARELL TREASURE IN BOOT CAMP IS STILL ANY MAN'S!



...SINCE I'M THE ONLY MAN TO HAVE BEEN THERE AND BACK... SORRY, QUIRTE...I'VE PROMISED THAT SITE TO THE **SANITARIUM** PEOPLE..THEY'LL PUT BOOT CAMP TO BETTER USE !!



DID QUIRTE AGREE TO LAY OFF SPIRIT?

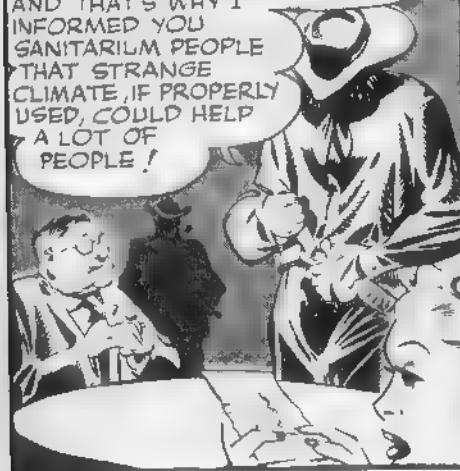
ON THE CONTRARY... HE'LL MAKE **TROUBLE**.. NOW LOOK AT THE OLD MAP.. WHILE I REVIEW THE WHOLE STORY ..



SIX WEEKS AGO IN ANSWER TO A WIRE FROM OLD SHERIFF OMAR TRENT, I FOLLOWED SAM CHAPPARELL TO BOOT CAMP...A SORT OF BAD-MAN'S SHANGRI-LA HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE ATMOSPHERE IS SO PURE IT CAN KEEP MEN ALIVE FOR **300 YEARS !!**



AFTER SOME GUN-PLAY, DURING WHICH I STOPPED A LITTLE LEAD... I FOUND MYSELF IN THE VALLEY THE REST OF THE BAD MEN HAD LEFT THE CAMP AND DIED !! THAT CAMP S NOW **CLAIM-FREE LAND**, AND THAT'S WHY I INFORMED YOU **SANITARIUM** PEOPLE THAT STRANGE CLIMATE, IF PROPERLY USED, COULD HELP A LOT OF PEOPLE !

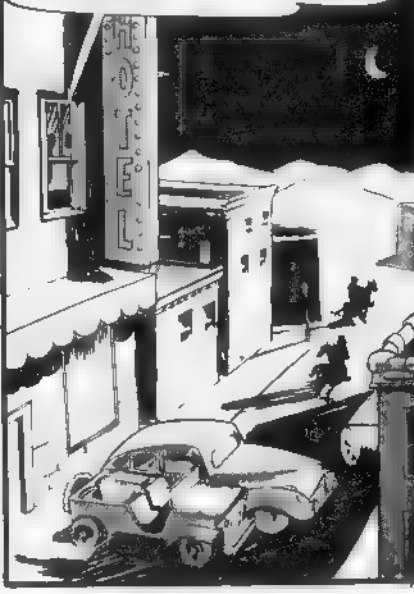


BUT THAT SITE IS STILL IN DISPUTE BY FOUR STATES WHAT'LL WE DO TILL IT'S CLEARED ??

I'VE GIVEN THE MAP TO ELLEN . AS SOON AS YOU GET GOVERNMENT CLEARANCE, YOU COME UP. DOLAN AND I WILL **HOLD OUT** AGAINST QUIRTE UNTIL YOU GET THERE.



LET US PRAY IT'LL BE SOON !





MEANWHILE...



AND SO...TOWARD EVENING QUIRTE AND HIS AIDE, HAVING LOST DOLAN AND THE SPIRIT, RETURN TO THE SPOT WHERE THEY SPLIT FORCES...

WE WON'T LOSE THEM...THE TIRE TRACKS ARE CLEAR

IT'S GITTIN' DARK

QUIRTE! I FOUND THE JEEP!!

IT'S EMPTY! THEY MUSTA GONE THE REST O THE WAY AFOOT!

HEY, QUIRTE LOOK!...THERE'S POMMEL AND NICK!!

HEY, BOSS THEY JUMPED US AND TOOK OUR JEEP!

BOOT CAMP CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE

YEH WE'RE 2000 FEET UP.

OUR JOURNEY IS ENDED... BELOW US LIES BOOT CAMP...

THEY'RE IN THERE, ALL RIGHT... I SEE A SMOKIN' CHIMNEY...

I SAY WAIT TILL DAWN

NO! I'VE WAITED TOO LONG FOR THIS.. NOW!!

GOLD.

GOLD!!

GOLD.

GOLD!

AND MADDENED WITH GREED, THE MEN CHARGE DOWNHILL...



HORSELESS NOW, FOUR NERVOUS GUNMEN
WALK INTO BOOT CAMP.

SMART
TRICK
SPILLIN' US
SO'S WE'LL
COME IN
WALKIN'!!

BOTH OF
EM DID!
G***!!

THEY'RE
WAITIN'
FOR US!
WE'LL BE
PICKED
OFF.

WE'LL PLAY
WITH A 'COLD
DECK' FROM
HERE ON IN.
EACH OF YOU
GET A
ROCK AND
WRAP 'EM IN
RAGS.. HAND
ME THAT
GALLON TIN IN
MY SADDLE-
BAG..

SOAK
EM IN
KEROSENE

WHAT A
BRAIN WHAT
A BRAIN
QUITE!

LIGHT 'EM
AND THROW 'EM!
...THOSE SHACKS
ARE SO OLD THEY'LL
GO UP LIKE
PAPER!



AND INSIDE THE OLD SALOON..

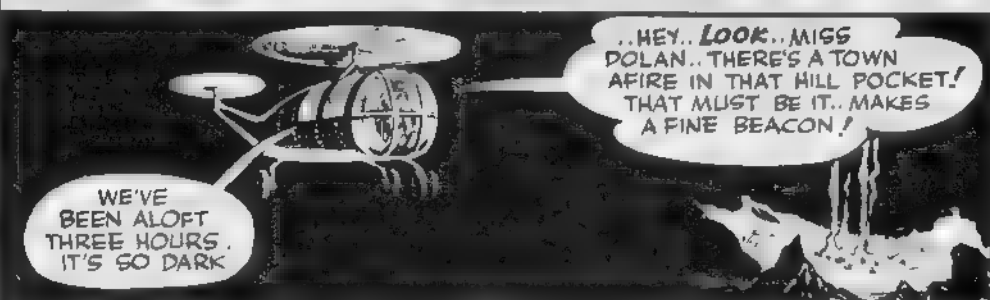
SPIRIT! THEY'VE SET
THE TOWN AFIRE
WE'LL BE SMOKED
OUT!

NO I DON'T
THINK THEY'LL
FIRE THIS
BUILDING..Y'SEE,
THE GOLD IS IN
HERE... LOOK
IN THE SAFE.

THEN I'M
GOING OUT
AND
OOOOLP!!

NO STAY IN THERE
WITH THE TREASURE...
IF THEY GET PAST ME,
THEY'LL BE IN TO GET
THE GOLD YOU'LL
GET ALL THE ACTION
YOU WANT THEN





..AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER..



HALLOWEEN



HALLOWEEN

ONCE WAS ALL HALLOWS EVE, WHEN WITCHES AND GOBLINS AND THE EVIL POWERS OF THE AIR HELD THEIR ANNUAL CONCLAVE... TODAY THE WORLD IS FREE OF THESE EVIL SPIRITS... WELL ALMOST FREE OF THEM. THERE IS STILL CENTRAL CITY, U.S.A. A METROPOLIS OF 2000,000 PEOPLE AND ONE GENUINE 14TH GENERATION AMERICAN WITCH.

NOW, CHILDREN.. ALL THE DECORATIONS ARE READY... AS SOON AS THE LADY WHO'S GOING TO PLAY THE WITCH ARRIVES, WE CAN START TO REHEARSE THE HALLOWEEN PAGEANT.

AW, MISS DOLAN I'M SICK OF WAITIN' AROUND FOR THIS DOPEY PAGEANT!

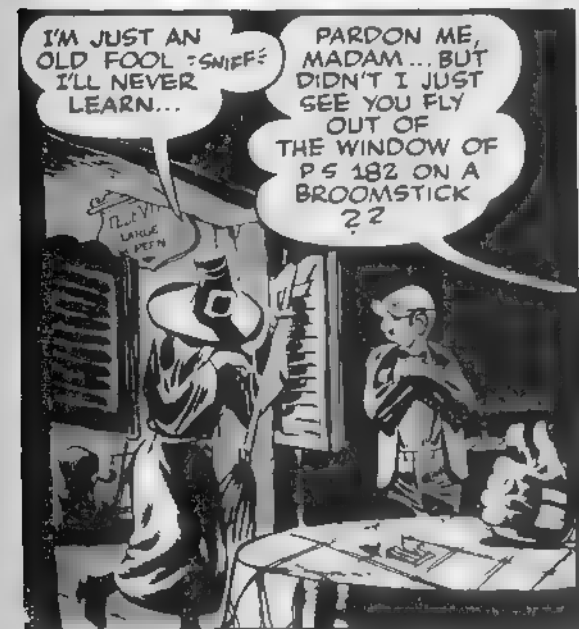
HOPE OL' HAZEL MACBETH SHOWS UP THIS YEAR. SHE'S A REAL WITCH!

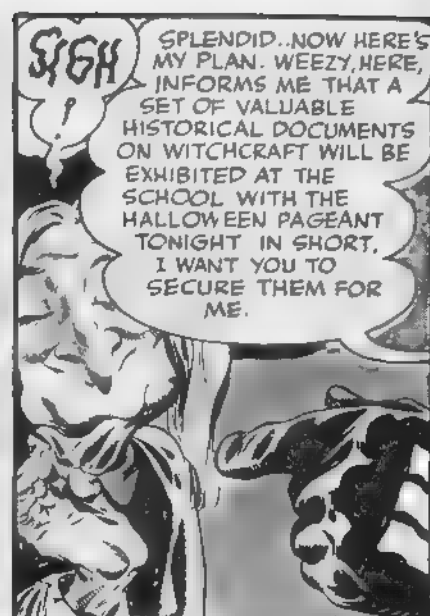
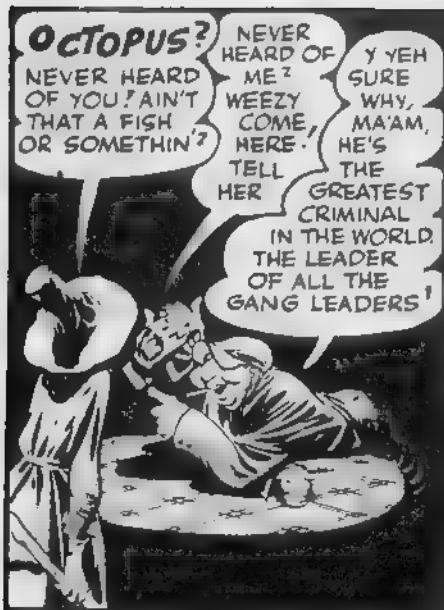
HEY.. OPEN UP!!

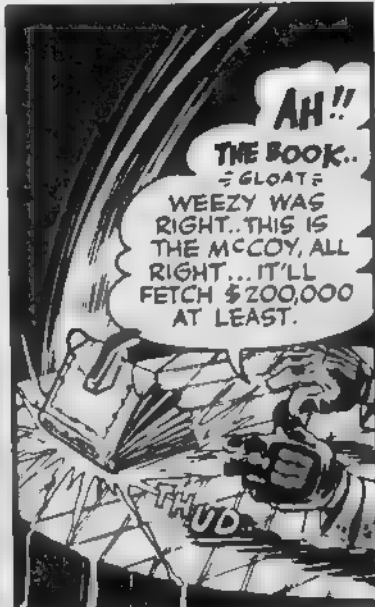
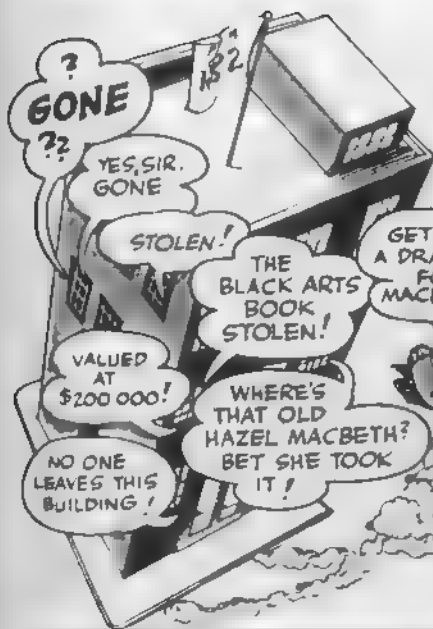
KNOCK KNOCK

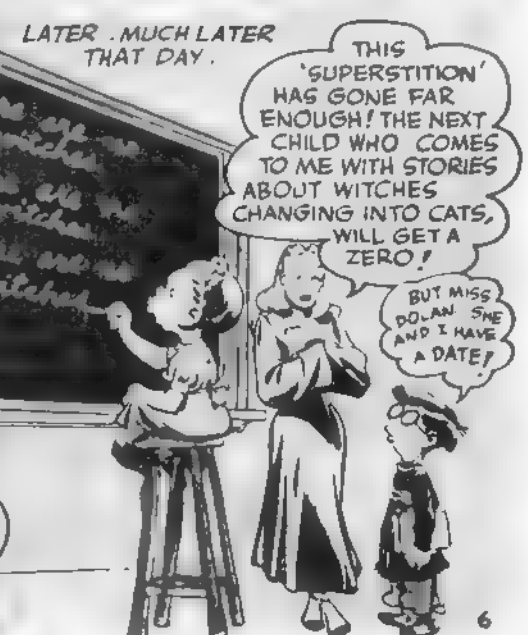
THERE REALLY AREN'T ANY WITCHES... YES THERE ARE HAZEL P MACBETH IS ONE, MISS DOLAN

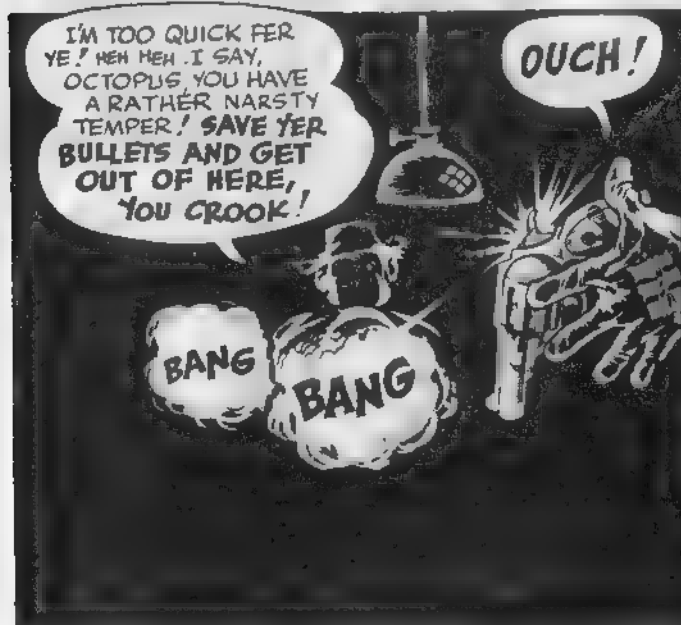
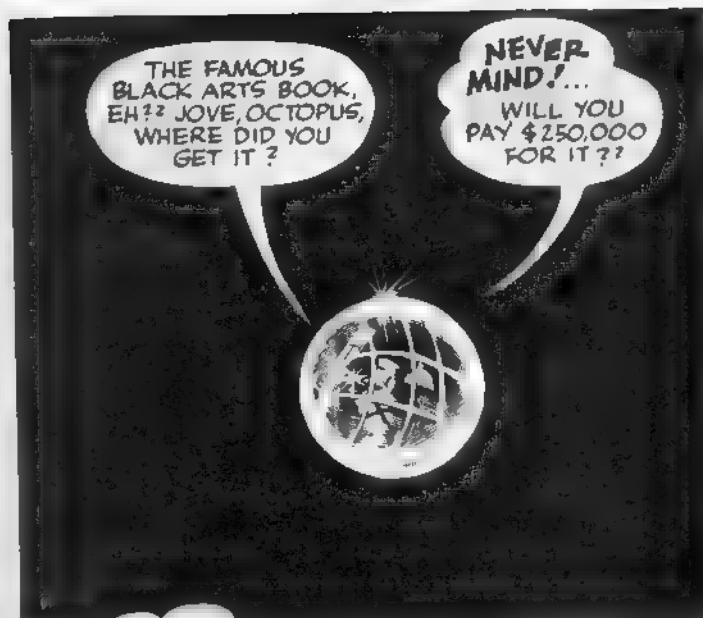








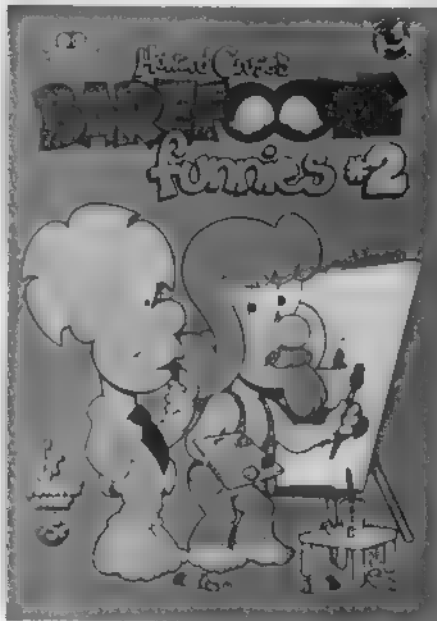




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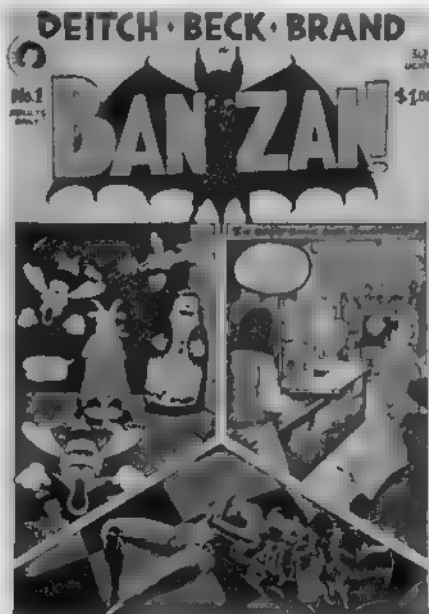
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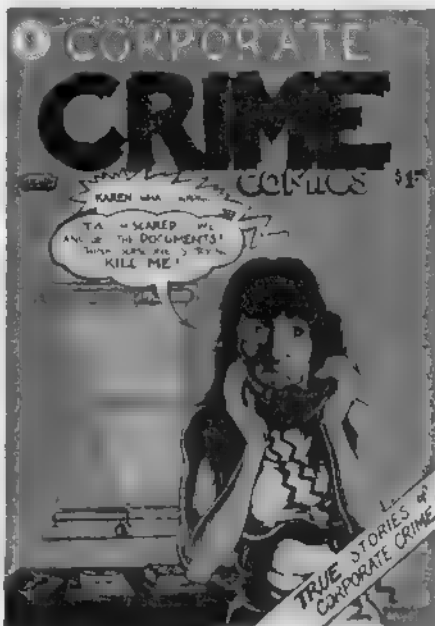


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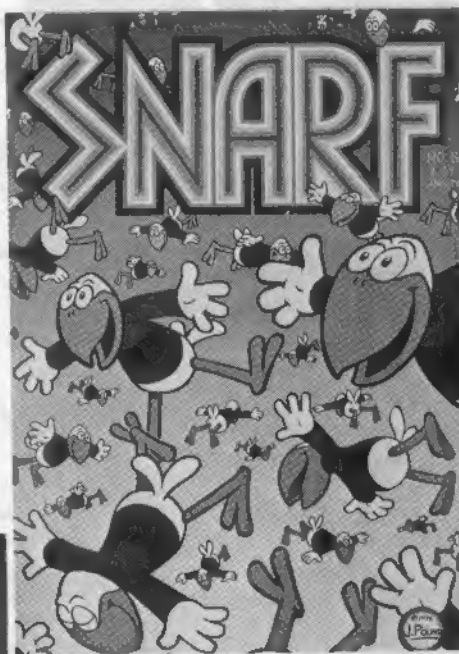
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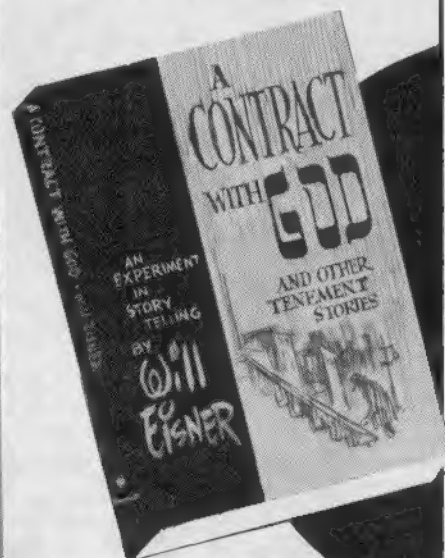


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